FUEL FAMINE FACED.

New England is faced by a fuel famine. Increasing demand for coal for emergency fleet army, navy and other Government activities is the cause of the shortage which threatens the supply for next winter.

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Eyes tested, lenses ground. HARDWICK.

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FOR SALE.

$25.00 scholarship in Draughon's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn., good for twenty-five dollars cash in payment of tuition. Will make liberal discount. Inquire at Daily Kentuckian office.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R
SOUTH.

No. 53.....5:44 a. m.
No. 55 Accommodation..6:45 a. m
No. 95.....9:20 a. m.
No. 51.....5:42 p. m.
No. 93.....12:46 a. m.

NORTH.

No. 92.....5:17 a. m
No. 52.....10:00 a. m.
No. 94.....7:55 p. m.
No. 56 Accommodation..9:00 p. m
No. 54.....10.19 p. m.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.
NORTH BOUND.

332 leaves at 5:35 a. m. for Princeton, Paducah, Cairo and Evansville.
302 leaves at 11 a. m. for Princeton, connects for East and West at
324 leaves at 8:05 for Princeton.

SOUTH BOUND.

321 arrives from Princeton at 7:10 a. m.
301 arrives from East and West at 6:45 p. m.

TENNESSEE CENTRAL R. R.
EAST BOUND.

12 leaves for Nashville at 7:15 a. m.
14 leaves for Nashville at 4:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

11 arrives from Nashville at 10:55 a. m.
13 arrives from Nashville 8:00 p. m.

C. L. WADLINGTON, Agent.

THAT BOLO KNIFE SURE CAME HANDY

Henry Johnson, Colored Soldier, Split a Lot of Hun Skulls With the Weapon.

WAS ADOPTED FROM MOROS

War Department Now Issues the Terrible Cleaver to Some of Our Troops, and the Germans Don't Like It at All.

Washington.—A year ago Henry Johnson, a colored citizen of Albany, N. Y., was peddling ice, coal and wood in contented obscurity. Today Henry Johnson, a soldier of the United States, is wearing the coveted French war cross with palms, because he proved himself a brave man, and because at the critical moment he got his hands on a bolo knife.

The cable has told of Henry's exploit—how on night duty with a companion in an American listening-post he "took on" 24 marauding Germans in a swift rough-and-tumble, killed some of them with his rifle, bombed others from his basket of grenades, and then, even after he had been wounded, split so many skulls with his bolo that all the enemy left on their feet after meeting Henry became suddenly and violently homesick.

The bolo knife which Henry wielded so well weighs one pound and three ounces without its scabbard, and has a broad 14-inch blade. It is sharpened to a razor edge, and near the end runs abruptly to a thrusting point. But one of its chief virtues as a small-arm is its cleaving power. Most of the weight of the knife is distributed along the back of the blade.

Americans first ran up against the bolo in the Philippines. Over there it was originally an agricultural tool, just as the machete was in Cuba, and blacksmiths at country crossroads hammered it out infinitely and in all sorts of forms. The "kris" with its curly blade is a form of bolo, and the "campilan" is a bigger bolo.

Was Weapon of the Moros.

It was up among the Moros that it was developed for war purposes. In the underbrush it proved a very terrible weapon, as many a trooper found to his cost. A stroke in the tropical night—just one—counted for a major American casualty. After a while our soldiers found there was no particular knack in the Malay use of the bolo they could not master. Then they began to capture bolos. And so, after the war ended, bolos kept coming back to the United States as souvenirs.

But it was not until 1910 that the war department tried the experiment of issuing the bolo knife as a regular part of the American equipment. It was used and tested by our men in Mexico, but there it was employed chiefly as a tool rather than a weapon. It was not until our khaki-garbed boys went down into the French trenches that the bolo knife proved its right to be considered "the last line of defense" and a life-saver to the man who unsheathed it.

Our colored troops display a special aptitude and affection for this weapon. The white fighter is inclined to rely upon his automatic pistol in an emergency at close quarters, but the colored man in uniform takes as naturally to the bolo knife as he does to—well, as he does to the name of "Mr. Johnson."

Issued to U. S. Troops.

The bolo knife is issued to our troops in two sizes—the smaller size of the type which Henry Johnson used, and a larger knife employed exclusively by field artillery batteries. This latter is practically a short sword, comparable to the principal weapon of the old Roman legionaries. It is two feet long and weighs between three and four pounds. Of course, being issued only to artillerymen who are not ordinarily actually at grips with the enemy, it is intended mainly as a sort of underbrush cutter. But in the hands of a desperate man fighting for his life it is a terrible persuader.

The bolo is in no sense a trench knife. That is issued to every man in the ranks and is a special tool not meant for fighting save at the last gasp. But the 14-inch bolo knife is essentially a weapon. It is issued to six per cent of our infantry forces—not regularly to every seventeenth man, but as occasion may require or the immediate commanding officer may direct. Henry Johnson was given his because he was assigned to particularly dangerous duty in a listening post. Others may be equipped with bolo knives—for instance, as members of a special detachment to accompany raiding forces within the enemy lines. Their work must be quick, silent and thorough. From Luneville to Cantigny the Germans have found it so.

The small arms division of the United States ordnance department believes that the bolo knife has points of superiority over any knife in use on the European battlefield, else it would not have been adopted for our use.

Had Aided His Ma.

New Philadelphia, O.—That his mother, Mrs. Lennox, is living in Bridgeport, Conn., at the age of one hundred and six was what William Lennox, aged seventy, told Deputy Probate Judge J. T. D. Bold when he applied for a license to wed.

SISTERS OF SOLDIERS MAY GO TO FRANCE

COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE—STUDENT NURSE RESERVE.

The United States must have 25,000 student nurses now-student nurses to release graduate nurses for the work at the front. Without student nurses to take their places graduate nurses can not be sent to the front in Europe and our men will suffer from the lack of care. The United States Government has placed the opportunity and responsibility of recruiting these student nurses in the hands of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Now that our boys are being called in the draft every month and a constant stream of them are being sent to France it is a very poignant question in every family whether the provisions for taking care of the great number of soldiers is growing with the increasing need for such care. The nurses who are graduates will soon have to go where the need is greatest and the way will be open for the thousands of girls and women from the ages of 19 to 35 to enroll themselves as a body of student nurses to fill the places made vacant. It is not only for the period of the war that these nurses will be needed, but for the reconstruction period after the war is over, the need will be just as great.

A campaign for student nurses will be conducted in this county as soon as the full instructions are in hand. Mrs. Frank Yost and Mrs. Ira L. Smith will have charge of this and it is hoped to enroll a large number of girls and women who will take training so that their whole time will be given to the work which will mean that thousands of graduate nurses can be released to do full duty at the front.

It is planned to have a complete registration of women with the avocations for which they are fitted or for which they are willing to train. The patriotism of our girls and women is as unquestioned as that of the men who are going so cheerfully to the training camps and so smilingly to the trenches. This is the first definite call to the service of the country and the flag that has come to the women. Last year they were asked to register by occupation and vocation but the purpose of the government was not so plain nor the need so great as now and the call comes with force and insistence at this time. The date of registration will be settled a little later. That our women will respond with alacrity is unquestioned and now that so many are asking what definite work they can do to match that of their brothers and sweethearts the answer comes like a clarion call: There is the Student Nurse Reserve calling right now for 25,000 women to enter training at once.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE,
W. C. N. D.

The United States contains 3,520 cheese cheese factories.

The Condition

By IMES MACDONALD

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It was just after noon on Saturday, and the only remaining man in the office pushed back from his desk with a sigh that was half a curse, gazing intently out over the irregular top of Manhattan toward the blue-hazed bay.

Collin Bell had just been going over his accounts, and he was twelve hundred and eighty odd dollars short—almost a year's salary! For a long five minutes he sat there running over the details in his mind. He was already past thirty, and, although almost overwhelmed with the desire to succeed, he had been unable to get beyond his present salary, all of which it took for him to live in what he called decency.

He might go on for several years without having the shortage discovered, or he might "cut and run for it," and have the thing discovered in a day. The impossibility of his ever making up a deficiency out of his salary was apparent, and yet something had to be done! At this moment his ponderings were interrupted.

"Pardon me," came a voice, "but where is my father?"

He turned in surprise to face Ines Vrain, the "Old Man's" daughter. He had seen her often enough to know her by sight, and also to know that his whole year's salary wouldn't buy her clothes for six months, and he had

Chattering to Bell.

neither awe nor any particular admiration for her, except, of course, as something pleasant to look at.

"Mr. Vrain has gone to Philadelphia to attend an important conference," he explained, "and won't be home till Monday."

"Then why didn't someone telephone me?" she demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said dryly.

"He promised to take me to luncheon and to give me his whole afternoon," she said, disappointedly, "and now everything's spoiled."

Bell grinned. It wasn't polite of him, but he couldn't help it. Some people's troubles were so trivial!

"Just for that," she said primly, "I'll have to request you to escort me to the Delange for luncheon. I've come all the way into town to be lunched with by a man, and as long as father is gone, you'll do as well as the next one, I suppose."

Collin Bell was rather taken back by this unique request, but he had his week's salary in his pocket and trusted that would see him through.

"Very well," he said, "if you insist."

And a few moments later they were seated at a cozy table for two in a rather crowded dining room, inspecting each other curiously. They both seemed surprised to be getting on so well together, and before she knew it, Inez Vrain was chattering to Collin Bell as if he were a favored friend of her own social world.

But suddenl, Bell's face underwent a change. Coming toward them, preceded by the head waiter, was the "Old Man," followed by a friend. The "Old Man," noticed Bell, and started to bow genially, when he caught the curve of his daughter's cheek and instead of passing on, he stopped.

"Hello, Bell," he said cordially extending his hand, and successfully covering his surprise.

"Why, dad," said Inez, "Mr. Bell said you had gone to Philadelphia to attend a conference!"

Bell drew down the lid of his left eye, and the "Old Man" just caught himself in time.

"To be sure," he said easily, "but a wire came at the last minute and postponed it."

And as he moved away he said in an off-hand manner: "Wish you'd drop into my office the first thing Monday morning, Bell. I want to go into that Philadelphia matter."

And Collin Bell was not sure, but he thought the "Old Man" winked at him.

On Monday morning the "Old Man" leaned back in his chair and grinned at Collin Bell.

"You've been here five or six years Bell, and I never noticed you particularly before. But you've got tact, do you know that? Of course, I'd forgotten Inez entirely Saturday and your quickness with that Philadelphia story saved me a bad half hour with a certain young woman who has a temper and a clever tongue."

The "Old Man" drew his private check book toward him and passed over a check to Bell for $1,500.

"This is coming to you on last year's salary," he said. "From today you are to be my personal representative at five thousand a year."

Bell took the check with thanks—he was never effusive—and went out of the office. He went straight to the bank and deposited the "Old Man's" check and then drew one of his own back to the "Old Man" for the twelve hundred and eighty odd dollars of his shortage. This he inclosed with an itemized statement, a short explanation and his signature, and sent up to the office by messenger. Then, with a little sigh, he started slowly uptown, walking with a careless feeling of freedom that he had not known for a long time. At last he was square—but at the sacrifice of the only opportunity that had ever come to him. Well, it was the only way, he felt, and there were other jobs! Then, just in front of him a roadster drew up to the curb and a girl got out. And as she turned to shut the door they were face to face.

"Why, it's Mr. Bell!" she smiled cordially.

Bell shook her hand in a compelling manner that for some reason or other was vastly exciting to Inez Vrain.

"Lunching again with father?" he quizzed, with a twinkle.

"Aren't you working today?" she came back at him.

"No," he said shortly. "I quit this morning."

Her eyes grew stormy. "Did he fire you for lunching with me?" she demanded angrily.

"Oh, no," he denied.

"Then why did you quit?"

"Ask your father," he said grimly, and was gone.

Thirty minutes later she burst into her father's private office. "I want to know why Collin Bell quit his job this morning," she demanded.

Judson Vrain studied his daughter a moment and then handed her Bell's note of resignation and statement of shortage.

"It was a decent thing for him to do," he said gravely. "I probably never would have found it out, and I had just raised him this morning to five thousand a year."

"Five thousand dollars a year? My goodness! But then, I suppose we could live on it. Many people do," said Inez Vrain demurely.

For a moment Judson stared at his daughter, and then he grinned a little. "Lots of people live on a whole lot less," he said, "but the day you marry Collin Bell I'll give him the Philadelphia branch at ten thousand dollars a year, but," he wagged his finger in his daughter's face, "he's got to make good."

"Of course!" she said, as she whirled out of the door, "but I haven't got him—yet." And Judson Vrain laughed.

A few moments later Bell was called to the phone by his landlady.

"This is Inez Vrain."

"Yes."

"I have just seen my father."

"Yes."

"Would you consider the Philadelphia branch at ten thousand?"

"He's hardly authorized you—"

"Would you?" she demanded impatiently.

"Of course—but there's a condition, I suppose?"

"Yes, there's a condition."

"What is it?"

"Meet me at the Delange for luncheon and—and maybe you'll find out," she laughed unsteadily.

And when they left the Delange a few hours later, although no word had been said, he turned to her in the street and smiled into her eyes.

"Let's go and have it over with," he murmured.

"You mean?" Her eyes flew wide with surprise and then drooped shyly.

"I mean, let's fulfill the condition right now—this afternoon."

"Is it," she asked, "because of—of Philadelphia, or—or—"

"Philadelphia be hanged!" said Collin Bell.

Pershing Pays for Pig.

General Pershing's automobile recently killed a growing pig, the most valuable possession of a poor, aged woman. The woman wept, as the pig meant much to her. She knew the car contained the American general, but she was told not to make a claim, as the pig was to blame.

General Pershing later instituted an inquiry and learned the situation. How much the pig meant to the destitute woman was shown when her tears of grief changed to joy when a letter arrived containing a check for $20, with kind words besides.—New York Herald.

Times Have Changed.

Whatever other platitude may be successfully controverted, there's no use denying that the world does move. Yesterday I saw a Sioux Indian, in feathers, moccasins and paint, boarding a Broadway trolley to go down to the Fifth avenue theater and sell Liberty bonds, and, ten minutes later, I saw a retired brigadier general of the United States army, who received from an Indian runner the first intelligence of the Custer massacre, chattily discussing, over his noonday toddy, in Waldorf-Astoria bar, the probable developments on the western front in Europe.—New York Letter.